THE COMMONWEAL

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THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN

SIX MILLION men and women restored to work by Labor Day! This is the tremendous promise made by General Hugh Johnson, administrator of the Industrial Recovery Act. It is based upon the inspiring fact that hardly had President Roosevelt ended his nation-wide radio appeal than a flood of acceptances of his plan for speeding up the application of the recovery act began to pour into the White House from all parts of the country. They came both from the leaders of big business, and from thousands of employers at the heads of smaller units of industry and commerce —those men whom the President very truly described as vital parts of the backbone of the nation. Representatives of many organizations devoted to social improvement and progress were and are among those rallying to the support of the national leader. The greatest effort ever known to solve the gigantic problem of unemployment in a democratic manner has been launched under the most favorable auspices. To pray through that best form of prayer, which is practical work, for the success of the gigantic plan, has become a patriotic duty.

Six million men and women back at work means that number of Americans multiplied by four, lifted out of the morass of idleness, of dependence upon private or public charity, and at least partially restored to self-dependence. General unemployment would be cut almost in half, if this promise is fulfilled. So far, General Johnson has been recognized as a man not given to reckless or facile assertions. What he says, therefore, should be relied upon. It can be made a fact, on this occasion, very simply if those, pledged to coöperate with the President actually do so and use their influence with other employers who, honestly hesitant of the merits of the recovery act, refrain from making a sincere attempt to coöperate with it. For at present there is no alternative to the enforcement of the act save abandoning national coöperation and returning to the devil-take-the-hindmost, every-man-for-himself type of industrialism, the failure of which has brought the nation to its present frightful condition—"the economic hell of the last four years," as President Roosevelt not too strongly terms it.

What is fundamentally important in the Presi-

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dent's plan—we say "the President's plan" mainly because it is his leadership, his enthusiasm, his exercise of will power, his unique personal authority which promise success, although we gladly recognize the fact that he is the people's true representative, and that the plan itself is a great concurrence of minds and of wills—we repeat, that what is fundamentally important in the recovery plan is not merely the practical good of putting millions back to work, but rather the utilization, on a gigantic scale, of a truly spiritual principle. In this sense, the plan is powerfully religious. It is not vague, sentimental religiosity. It is a definite recognition and application of human free will.

Again and again in the course of his radio address, President Roosevelt expressed this principle. "When Andrew Jackson (Old Hickory) died," said the President, "some asked, 'Will he go to Heaven?' And the answer was, 'He will if he wants to.' If I am asked whether the American people will pull themselves out of this depression I answer, 'They will if they want to'." And again: "The essence of this plan is a universal limitation of hours of work per week for any individual by common consent, and a universal payment of wages above a minimum, also by common consent. I cannot guarantee the success of this nation-wide plan, but the people of this country can guarantee its success. I have no faith in cure-alls, but I believe we can greatly influence economic forces. I have no faith in the professional economists who insist that things must run their course and that human agencies can have no influence on economic ills. One reason is that I happen to know that professional economists have changed their definition of economic laws every five or ten years for a very long time. But I do have faith and retain faith in the strength of common purpose, and in the strength of unified action taken by the American people."

It is not only professional economists who have preached the doctrine of the iron necessity of so-called economic laws; sheer fatalism, the idolatrous worship of doom, which is what such a doctrine is at bottom; but also far too many business men, not only employers, but workers as well, have in practice been followers of the same godless religion of selfish materialism. How closely such a doctrine agrees with that taught by Marx and Lenin, and of which Russian communism is an expression in action—even though western business men, capitalists, and the apologists for unhampered industrialism consider themselves ranged in rigid opposition to Communism—is a fact which has been pointed out by many students of our world crisis, particularly by those who approach the subject from a religious point of view. The underlying philosophy of modern industrialism and of Communism, as Father Lewis Watt recently pointed out in the June number of the *Clergy Review,* possess in common a belief that industrial processes are determined by unbending economic laws, which the forces of morality, or indeed any efforts of men who are motivated by ethics, cannot change or even deflect toward the improvement of society.

Underlying this philosophy, says Father Watt: "We can see the unproved assumption that every day and in every way the world gets better and better, the uncritical acceptance of a law of progress guiding men and human institutions to some vaguely conceived ideal of perfection. There is, indeed, a fundamental similarity between the theory of *laissez faire* and the dialectical materialism of Marx, which Lenin and his followers have made their gospel . . . for the classical economists those laws demanded private enterprise and full individual liberty and work in the interests of capitalism; for Marx they produced various types of social and economic organization at various historical epochs, but were leading inevitably beyond capitalism to Communism."

That there are weak places and purely experimental points, the issue of which cannot possibly be determined, both in the National Recovery Act and in the plan for its prompt operation, is undoubtedly true. But another truth, and a much more important one, is the fact that the nation is confronting a crisis which demands that this particular plan shall be put into action at once despite all risks. For there is behind it a force of human coöperation and a motivation by principles, far superior to the motives of selfishness and greed and power which have prevailed until now, that promise real success for the nation in breaking its way out of the jungle of difficulties in which it has been floundering for years. The London Times, which can scarcely be accused of being emotional either in praise or blame, goes so far as to say that the failure of the President's recovery plan, which has "moved by giant and successive stages to this final test," would amount to "a universal disaster." Many thoughtful observers agree with this judgment. There is much more at stake in the success of the plan than an improvement in the immediate well-being of the American people, great as even that partial success would be. The failure of the plan would be in the truest sense the failure of the people themselves to solve their own greatest problem. With so much of the entire population of the world already subjected to iron dictatorships in whole or in part, and with the very fundamentals of Western Civilization threatened by such a movement, for the United States to fail at this crisis in maintaining, even by most drastic measures, its own plan for the common welfare of the whole people, would be an event that might easily bring down what is left of our tottering civilization.

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WEEK BY WEEK

DISQUIETING rumors continue to be circulated that the United States government is not only preparing to recognize the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of Russia but also that immediately following such recognition, great government-guaranteed credits will be extended to the USSR. Some of our American journals keep recommending both recognition and the extension of credits as a great boon for American business. Now, far be it from us to object to sending Russian paupers cotton and wheat from our superabundance when we have made definitely sure that we are not slighting charity nearer home which is properly our first human concern. But the idea that trade with Russia, on any scheme by which we sent them staples and machinery and received in return additional rows of figures in our already overloaded business ledgers, would be good business, is preposterous and worse. Part of the repeatedly expressed plan of the Third International for the overthrow of social orders which do not correspond to the proletarian dictatorship, is to utilize capitalist procedures, exploit capitalist greed, for the furthering of the Red Revolution. It is true that Soviet officialdom has played down this plan in recent years, but it has never repudiated it, and certainly the first necessary step to its successful execution would be to do it quietly. That is one point where dealing with the Soviets under existing conditions would be treason to our whole existing American social order.

Recognizing Russia

AS FOR the good business, let us look at the record. According to the most recent estimates—under present conditions whereby anybody doing business with the Soviets, as far as this country is concerned, must do so on his own responsibility and face the realities of the situation as regards getting his money back—the principal countries furnishing Soviet imports were: Germany, 37 percent; the United States, 21 percent; Great Britain, 7 percent; Persia, 4 percent; and Czechoslovakia, 3 percent. In short, the United States certainly is doing a fair proportion of business with Russia, say, compared to Great Britain, the painful story of whose off-again-on-again relations with the prickly proletariats is familiar to any reader of the daily papers. Now the principal countries taking Soviet exports in 1931 were: Great Britain, 33 percent; Germany, 16 percent; Italy, 5 percent; Mongolia, 4.6 percent; and Persia, 4 percent. The United States does not even figure in the list. Actually it took in trade from Russia ten thousand rubles less of goods than did Persia which took only thirty-two thousand rubles worth in all. Briefly, anyone who envisages good business as adding to this already disproportionate exchange between the United States and Russia, which has to be balanced through all the extremely doubtful and devious channels of international finance, should ask himself what the American people expect to get from the Russians. The question is as simple as that, as real as that, and on the answer depends any decision which shall not be a frost and a fraud for Americans. The huge, cloudy internationalism that dealt in billions for foreign countries and for little wriggly lines of figures and engraved paper parted with goods and services, is just being brought down to basic realities by the present government. For it to fly counter to these realities on behalf of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics would be, we believe, worse than folly and a grave blow to any hope of stability in American affairs.

THE RECENT action of France in adopting a drastic exclusion act on foreign, that is, mainly American, films, is interesting not because it is a sizable straw to show how the wind of tariff and import sentiment is blowing—for no such straw is needed, surely—but rather because it furnishes a comment on Hollywood's chief product. The measure in question provides that, for the year ending June, 1934, foreign films in their original versions may be shown in only fifteen French theatres. It further requires that what are called "dubbed" films—foreign pictures to which French dialogue is synthetically applied—must be limited to 140 in number; this in face of the fact that "dubbing," which has invited considerable hopeful experimentation in the last year, especially by American producers, promises to grow into a respectable industry on French soil, employing several thousands of French citizens. What is significant in all of this is that French exhibitors, who of course are nearest the box-office pulse of their country, object violently. They say, first, that French producers are not equipped to make more than one-fifth of the 500 feature films needed yearly to satisfy the French public; and secondly, that that public prefers the "dubbed" Hollywood product to the feature manufactured in its own home land. Having in mind our own home-grown and perfectly sincere criticisms of our own typical films, one wonders. Why do French people, whose classic stage tradition has begun to be felt in their films, prefer ours? Because of their average superiority in pace and mounting? Because of their often moronic and often vicious sentimentality? Because of the unreality of most of their atmosphere? A fairly solid notion among our literate and traveled population is that our rank and file are less civilized in their aesthetic tastes than the rank and file of any enlightened European country. Will these disillusioned ones answer these questions?

French Fans

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Air News

CAPTAIN JAMES MOLLISON, who shares with Mrs. Mollison and Wiley Post the aviation headlines of the moment, furnished perhaps the best description of Post's exploit when he called it "a wonderful show." We have already voiced our strong doubts about the utility of this type of around-the-world-record flight, and in expressing our admiration for the nth-degree pluck and fibre, the amazing will and skill, which went into the Oklahoman's feat, we do not unsay our earlier strictures. Post's plane was equipped with important new inventions, including the mechanical pilot, which he tested and proved under very trying conditions; more, each leg of his itinerary in itself may constitute an important section of the flying map of the future. But there is no reason why Post's achievements under these two heads should have been made in connection with the inordinately hazardous and wholly useless effort to break his own and Gatty's record in a solo flight around the Pole. It *was* a wonderful show, but we are moved to salute the chunky and laconic little showman with the words of his other admirer, General Balbo: "Do not try it a third time." As for the Mollisons, it is the fashion of the week to extend them sympathy for failing in their latest objective—and, of course, rightly. It was hard medicine to battle head winds across the whole Atlantic and then crack up, out of fuel and blinded by fatigue, sixty miles from New York. But the fancy quickly travels from the wrecked plane in Bridgeport to occupy itself with the Mollisons themselves. A pair provoking commiseration less readily is not easy to think of, surely. Record-holders par excellence, the admired of the world, young, brave, romantic and happily married—is anyone really sorry for the Mollisons?

For Student Loans

IT HAS been known in a general way that needy college students have suffered severly in the last three years. Some exact figures on the subject are offered by the American Alumni Council in connection with an unusual proposal which they are putting forward for the establishment of a student credit union. The council has investigated several hundreds of representative colleges throughout the country, and finds that, in addition to the interruptions to academic careers already suffered, between 60,000 and 100,000 students will not be able to return to work in the coming fall term. About $40,000,000 is to be cut from educational budgets for the year 1933-34, and this will affect both educational facilities and loan funds. What the council suggests is a credit union, which shall raise the $15,000,000 necessary to care for the students who are now without the means of tuition. The plan is to have the union backed by students of wealth, by members of the faculty and by the alumni of the interested colleges. The proposal seems American in the happiest sense; in insuring that democracy of learning shall be paralleled by a comradely democracy of opportunity, and in appealing to the social instincts of the often too privileged young. It deserves wide support.

Art and Politics

THE INTEMPERATE claims of some of our newer critics that art should be communist propaganda, is amusingly debated in the August number of the *Forum* by Joseph Wood Krutch and Edmund Wilson. The former resists the implication that there is, as he describes it, "a kind of dishonor in any activity not pertinent to the crisis," and concludes with the following cogent reflections: " 'Eat' says the natural man. 'Fight' says the social conscience. And 'Pray' says the church. But somehow and sometime, some men manage to find occasion for things which have little to do with any of these injunctions and a world which remains hungry, unjust, and unsanctified still values the products of these truant moments. Some Rome is always burning but that does not make every fiddler a Nero." Mr. Wilson thereupon charges that Waller, Milton and Swift were no less artists because they had serious political and sociological interests, and that Wagner, Byron, Dostoevsky and Dante sacrificed themselves for unpopular politics without sacrificing their art. As one reads him, Mr. Wilson is quite impressive and one shudders for Mr. Archibald MacLeish who seems to be guilty of sneaking off for naps under the apple tree when he should be down in Union Square.

THEN Mr. Krutch is given a brief last word, and if we may be permitted a private judgment of the debate, it seems to us the best. He says: "I never contended that a piece of literature is necessarily bad just because it has some political significance. If Mr. Wilson is ready to grant that the literary man has also a right to concern himself with such matters as little as he pleases and that his work may be valuable even though it is without political implications, then I have no quarrel with him." There we have a neat polish put on the nub of the new criticism—that strange, violent intolerance of the self-styled liberals, expressed by their great hope, Russia, in the suppression and expurgation of Russian and world classics not favorable to the Soviet rule; and in the final and most complete mental tyranny of our day, by law and by bureaucratic officialdom, ruthlessly denying to the citizen the right to consider himself the possessor of an immortal soul, a rational creature in an infinite, creative scheme, where he may from the fullness of his heart pay homage to God.

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THE END OF ONE ERA

LOOKING over reactions to the World Economic Conference from various countries, one is struck by the extraordinary definiteness with which one era of modern economic and political development was voted at an end. There seems to be no doubt left anywhere that the programs which led the nations into the World War and then towards the mirage of recovery have been abandoned with a ruthlessness for which it is difficult to find an equivalent. The fundamental cause of what happened in 1914 was a struggle for trade routes and advantages between Russia and Austria on the one hand, and Great Britain and Germany on the other. Likewise the fundamental characteristic of post-war "recovery" was the experimentalism in which American banking indulged as a consequence of having wrested financial supremacy from the nations of the Old World. In so far as this experimentalism is concerned, it became clear to many observers as far back as 1929 that the United States had played a terrific game for huge stakes and had lost.

The reason for this failure was in part bad banking. Grave mistakes were made—errors of judgment as well as far worse blunders which one can only term moral offenses. Yet the reason was in part also the abnormal dualism which existed between the American as an investor and the American as a political thinker and agent. The decade was one of conferences, at least the first of which were to a considerable extent successful. But as time went on these meetings became more and more just talks between bankers. Washington was always careful to say that while the United States was "represented"—i.e., had an emissary from near Wall Street on the premises—it was not an official participant. Under such conditions the political facts in which the thoughtful investor should perforce have been interested were not faced at all. Restless Europe, which worked to pay the interest on gigantic loans while its peoples were in the grip of fierce political antagonisms, finally gave up the struggle. Though the British toiled hard and valiantly to stage two final and definite conferences, just these two—the Disarmament Conference at Geneva and the World Economic Conference in London—ended in signal failures. The final message sent to London by President Roosevelt created an appalling silence in all countries. It said, to those who read between the lines, that the United States realized how futile efforts of twelve breezy years had been.

What turn will events take now? No man who thinks of the future, his own individually or the nation's, will take that question lightly. It is clear that in so far as the President and his advisers are concerned, a line has already been drawn through the massive operations of the past. One may as well face the truth that the present generation will not see the end of the road now being taken. It will not see it above all for the simple reason that transition from an industrial world polity to a "planned state" is not possible without very great and harmful disturbances. There may be many arguments in favor of the thesis that if we had never embarked on the seas of the world our present situation would be vastly better; but there is no doubting that we did so embark and that as a result our lives have become affected by arrangements and commitments the abandonment of which will have a far-reaching economic and psychological effect. Let us consider just one small aspect of the matter. The World Conference ended with a resolution by the gold standard countries to act in common for the defense of their moneys. That means the isolation of the European continent from financial and economic relations with the United States. Outside that there remain as protagonists in the struggle for world trade, London and New York—London constrained by the Dominions to engage in what may prove to be a fantastic battle for "rubber money" and for trade in raw commodities.

Unless one is greatly mistaken, among the chief immediate results of the process of adjustment to this situation there will be the imposition, upon the consumer and tax-payer in the United States, of not only the higher costs of raw materials but also of all the now unnecessary products to be legislated out of existence under the Domestic Allotment Plan. It may be wise—or at least necessary—to exact this of the average American. But surely there is no one, in the long run not even the farmer himself, who will not have to pay for that wisdom or necessity. And in many other ways the transition from what were only yesterday world-wide, open markets to closed and managed markets will be pretty hard to bear. It was easy to break off the London Conference. But years from now the decision to do so will still seem to have been grave beyond words.

The universal drift to nationalism was, perhaps, inevitable. One does not know. If the trend of human events could be controlled by reason, a far different story than that enfolded by human history would be ours to read. There are epochal moments when the psychology and the material needs of peoples express themselves with drastic suddenness; and then the individual is helpless to do more than bow before the storm and hope that some day, under more favorable circumstances, skill and good fortune may combine to create for a little while something a little more bearable than the weary semi-darkness in which man normally lives. We in the United States have been accustomed of late to saying that the worst is over. But in all sober truth, the worst may still be coming. Nobody knows.

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MAKING THE ANGLO-IRISH TREATY

By E. OLIVER BOYLE

Seemingly no question has more nice points than the making of the Irish Free State, one of the major developments in statecraft and self-determination in our times. THE COMMONWEAL *has sought to be impartial and to give each writer with a sound basis of information for his opinions, a full and free opportunity to express himself. The present writer patently has unimpeachable sources and documents of value that throw considerable light on some of the tangled affairs of recent Irish history.—The Editors.*

TWELVE years have passed since the Anglo-Irish Treaty was negotiated. After many bitter discussions by Members of Dail Eireann, the official national government, it was ratified by a small majority and thus the Irish Free State was born. The nation as a whole was divided with regard to the acceptance of such negotiations. Current opinion bitterly denounced the arbitrating delegates. It was whispered among the Irish at home and abroad that these men were financially reimbursed by the British Treasury for this treacherous deal. There are not a few noteworthy Irishmen, however, who have always maintained, and still maintain, that these delegates acted honorably and, therefore, did not violate their sacred trust. Thus, we find the celebrated Irish literateur, Padraic Colum, in an article contributed to THE COMMONWEAL, during the month of February, severely critcising Mr. Michael O'Kiersey who had previously stated in this same review that this treaty was signed in London under "threats of immediate and terrible war." Padraic Colum then gives his version of the making of the Treaty:

> The President of the National Assembly, Eamon De Valera, (he was never president of any republic) was invited to open negotiations with a view to establishing new relations between Ireland and Great Britain. He went to London and spent weeks discussing affairs with the British Prime Minister who eventually informed him that there was no use in negotiating if the issue of the establishment of an Irish Republic was raised. Then he sent Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins to negotiate for something less than a republic which was unattainable except by force of arms. They negotiated a treaty which was submitted to and ratified by Dail Eireann.

With due respect to Padraic Colum, let it be stated at the outset that Eamon De Valera did not spend "weeks discussing affairs with the British Prime Minister." The official record shows that Messrs. Lloyd-George and De Valera met at 10 Downing Street on Thursday, July 14th, 1921, and again on Friday, July 15th, on Monday, July 18th, and on Thursday, July 21st, the conference lasting from one to two and a half hours on each occasion. De Valera returned to Dublin on Friday, July 22nd. The result of the conference was a document submitted by Mr. Lloyd-George embodying certain proposals with a view to settlement:

> The British Government invites Ireland to take her place in the great association of free nations over which his Majesty reigns. As earnest of their desire to obliterate old quarrels and to enable Ireland to face the future with her own strength and hope, they propose that Ireland forthwith shall assume the status of a Dominion, with all the powers and privileges set forth in this document.

This document, however, carefully indicated very definite limitations with regard to such a status. First, it was stipulated that the Royal Navy alone should control the seas around the coast of the British Isles, and that such rights and liberties should be accorded to it by the Irish Free State as were essential for naval purposes in the Irish harbors and on the Irish coast. Secondly, the Irish Territorial Force should conform in respect to numbers to the military establishments in the other parts of these islands. Thirdly, Great Britain should have all the necessary facilities for the development of defense and communications by air in Ireland. Fourthly, Ireland should, of her own free will, contribute in proportion to her wealth to the upkeep of the regular forces, naval, military and air, of the Empire. Fifthly, the British and Irish governments should agree to impose no protective duties or other restrictions upon the exchange of commercial and industrial products between these islands. Lastly, it was stipulated that Ireland assume responsibility for a proportionate debt of the United Kingdom.

De Valera did not accept these proposals, but on returning to Dublin, consulted his colleagues, who were no less insistent on their rejection than De Valera himself. At a meeting of the entire Ministry of Dail Eireann, these proposals were again examined and unanimously rejected on August 17th, 1921. Mr. Lloyd-George was duly informed of the rejection, and in his return reply expressed his profound disappointment:

> Even in quarters which have shown a sympathy with the most extreme of Irish plans, they are regarded as the utmost which the Empire can reason-

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> ably offer or Ireland reasonably expect. The only criticisms of them which I have heard outside Ireland is from those who maintain that our proposals have outstripped both warrant and wisdom in their liberality. Your letter shows no recognition of this, and further negotiation must, I fear, be futile unless some definite progress is made toward acceptance of a basis. The States of the American Union enjoy no such range of rights, and our proposals go even further, for they invite Ireland to take her place as a partner in the great Commonwealth of free nations united by allegiance to the King.

Although the British Prime Minister threatened to discontinue negotiations, the Irish race did not weaken in their determined resistances against British rule. Toward the close of the month De Valera was re-elected President of the Irish Republic. Whatever has been said or may be said concerning the Irish Republic, it is historically true that the independence of Ireland had been formally proclaimed by the regularly elected representatives of the nation, and ratified by subsequent plebiscites. When Padraic Colum states that Eamon De Valera was "never president of any republic," he advances no convincing argument. If De Valera did not possess real juridical powers, it is impossible to conceive how Mr. Lloyd-George, as Prime Minister of England, would justify his action in negotiating with him in matters pertaining to the very existence of the United Kingdom. Accurately summing up the political status of Ireland after his re-election, in writing to Mr. Lloyd-George, De Valera said:

> The people of Ireland, acknowledging no voluntary union with Great Britain, and claiming as a fundamental natural right to choose freely for themselves the path they shall take to realize their national destiny, have by an overwhelming majority declared for independence, set up a Republic and more than once confirmed their choice.

It is, therefore, logical to conclude that the *de facto* government of Ireland at this time was a Republic with Eamon De Valera as its President.

On September 7th, Prime Minister Lloyd-George, realizing that further correspondence was futile, extended an invitation to Dail Eireann "to enter a conference to ascertain how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire could best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations." On September 14th, the conference was approved by the Dail and a distinguished delegation of plenipotentiaries was unanimously ratified.

Owing to a letter published by Eamon De Valera in the Press, wherein he declared that these plenipotentiaries were the representatives of a "Sovereign State", the proposed Conference was not held. After further exchange of correspondence, negotiations were again resumed concerning the formal basis of conference, and on September 29th, the British Prime Minister extended another invitation to the Irish delegates. De Valera accepted and replied immediately:

> We have received your letter of invitation to a conference in London on October 11th, "with a view to ascertaining how the association of Ireland with the community of nations, known as the British Empire, may best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations." Our respective positions have been stated, and are understood, and we agree that conference is the most practical and hopeful way to an understanding. We accept the invitation and our delegates will meet you in London on the date mentioned "to explore every possibility of settlement by personal discussion."

Thus, after three months of discussion involving many delicate and technical questions concerning the respective rights of Ireland in her relation to the British Empire, arrangements were formally completed for the opening of the conference. It is important to note that these preliminary negotiations did not in any way effect a compromise, either on the part of the Irish representatives or on the part of the British Cabinet. De Valera and his colleagues stood for the principle of absolute separation. The plenipotentiaries were not sent "to negotiate for something less than a republic" as Padraic Colum loosely states in the article already mentioned. They were sent "with a view to ascertaining how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire might best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations." The official communications between Messrs. Lloyd-George and De Valera showed agreement on this sole subject.

This mission of the Irish plenipotentiaries has never been questioned by either Republican or Free State party; the exact powers conferred on them by Dail Eireann, however, has always been a subject of bitter discussion. With regard to these powers, there were two documents: (1) the Credentials which were intended to be exchanged with the Credentials of the British plenipotentiaries, (2) Letter of Instructions. The Credentials were made out in the recognized international form empowering the delegates to negotiate and sign a treaty. This formal document was governed by the Letter of Instructions unanimously adopted at a Cabinet meeting and accepted by each of the plenipotentiaries.

The writer for the first time makes public these documents which were transmitted to him by Eamon De Valera, the President of the Irish Free State. The text of the Credentials read:

> In virtue of the authority invested in me by Dail Eireann, I hereby appoint Arthur Griffith, T.D.,

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> Minister of Foreign Affairs; Michael Collins, T.D., Minister of Finance; Robert C. Barton, T.D., Minister of Economic Affairs; and George Gavan Duffy, T.D., as Envoys Plenipotentiary from the elected Government of the Republic of Ireland to negotiate and conclude on behalf of Ireland with the representatives of His Majesty, George V, a treaty or treaties of settlement, association and accommodation between Ireland and the community of nations known as the British Commonwealth. In witness whereof I hereunder subscribe my name as President.

The Letter of Instructions stated:

> 1. The Plenipotentiaries have full powers as defined in their credentials.
>
> 2. It is understood before decisions are finally reached on a main question, that a despatch notifying the intention to make these decisions will be sent to members of the Cabinet in Dublin, and that a reply will be awaited by the Plenipotentiaries before final decision is made.
>
> 3. It is also understood that the complete text of the draft treaty about to be signed will be similarly submitted to Dublin, and reply awaited.
>
> 4. In case of a break, the text of the final proposals from our side will be similarly submitted.
>
> 5. It is understood the Cabinet in Dublin will be kept regularly informed of the progress of the negotiations.

Commenting on this Letter, De Valera said:

> Plenipotentiaries are almost in every case governed by instructions received from the Government of which they are merely the agents and to ignore those instructions or to make a treaty inconsistent with them could only be regarded as treason.

The Anglo-Irish Conference opened on the appointed day, October 11th, 1921. The British delegation consisted of Prime Minister Lloyd-George, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Lord Birkenhead and Messrs. Austen Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, L. Worthington-Evans and Gordon Stewart. The delegates proceeded to expedite their labors as judiciously and diplomatically as could be expected. The continued existence of the Peace Conference was seriously endangered by an exchange of telegrams between Pope Benedict XV and King George V. Acknowledging the Holy Father's benediction, King George replied:

> I have received the message of Your Holiness with much pleasure, and with all my heart I join in your prayer that the conference now sitting in London may achieve a permanent settlement of the "troubles of Ireland" and may initiate a new era of peace and happiness for my people.

The implication contained in the King's reply caused much consternation among Irish patriots and forced De Valera to address a telegram to the Holy Father, wherein he stated that the Irish people were confident that His Holiness would not be misled into believing that the "troubles were in Ireland" or that the people of Ireland owed allegiance to the British King, since the independence of Ireland had been formally proclaimed by her regularly elected representatives.

> The trouble is between Ireland and Great Britain, and its source that the rulers of Britain have sought to impose their will upon Ireland, and by brutal force have endeavored to rob her people of the liberty which is their natural right and their ancient heritage.

The Peace Conference, however, went its way. Dail Eireann was kept regularly informed of the progress by the Irish delegates. Toward the close of November there was much uneasiness among the Irish at home with regard to the final outcome. Almost two months had passed and as yet there were no practical results. The proposals on the part of the British Government were not acceptable to the majority of the Dail Cabinet. In a final effort toward peace, counter-proposals were again sent forward to the Conference. On December 5th news of the breakdown in negotiations reached Ireland and in consequence the Irish Republican Army was mobilized. In the early hours of the morning of December 6th the British proposals were signed by all the plenipotentiaries. The Dail Cabinet immediately concluded that their counter-proposals embodying the status of a Republic had been accepted. Under paragraph 3 of the Letter of Instructions the complete text of the Draft Treaty about to be signed was to be submitted to Dublin and a reply awaited. When this was not done, the natural presumption was that Ireland had won her case. But Irish hopes were soon shattered. When the full draft of the Treaty was revealed, it was found to contain several clauses contrary to the counter-proposals of the Dail Cabinet, especially with regard to the separation of Northern and Southern Ireland and to the oath of allegiance to King George.

It is a matter of history now that the Anglo-Irish Treaty was ratified by Dail Eireann on January 7th, 1922, by a majority of only seven votes. During the eloquent speeches delivered at the time, Messrs. Robert Barton and George Gavan Duffy, openly declared that they signed the Treaty "reluctantly under the immediate threat of war." If this be true and there is no sufficient reason to doubt the veracity of those patriotic Irishmen, the validity of this pact is still open to question, even though it was afterwards ratified by Dail Eireann. Padraic Colum may think that "talk about immediate war was childish to the last degree," but if he had to suffer from the terrorism and ravages of the Black and Tans as the present writer had, he would take a sane view of the making of the Anglo-Irish Treaty. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

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CHRISTIANITY, AS-IF

By JOSEPH MICHAEL LALLEY

IT IS a neat point, I think, and a valuable one, that M. Jacques Maritain has made against the Marxists. For while as he says, their system excludes of necessity the very notion of justice, they are willing enough to exploit the hunger and thirst after justice that burn so intensely today among the masses of men. I am not sure what M. Maritain (or his translator) may mean by saying "they would not dare admit this even to themselves." It seems to me they have been pretty brazen about it. They teach their cohorts to sing that "Justice thunders condemnation"; yet any communist picked up at random in Union Square will concede that justice is a mere bourgeois sentimentality having no place in a world of historic materialism. Even so formidable a logician as M. Trotsky can, in his dialectic narrative of the Russian Revolution, expose the Tsar as the veriest puppet of history, yet self righteously sneer because poor Nicholas, conscious of his destiny, lacked the will and vitality to resist it.

But this little trick of using some one else's moralistic switches to beat your own determinist dogs is by no means confined to the Marxists. It is the common property of modern mankind. You will find most of its inspiration in Darwin and Nietzsche, and it has even been systematized in Vahinger's amazing treatise on the *Philosophy of As-If*. Here we read that though universal truth is non-existent, it is permissible, even necessary, to exploit it in the struggle for survival. Thus even such sacred cows of natural science as the thermodynamic laws become mere laboratory pipe-dreams, but we must wink at them good humoredly for the sake, presumably, of Fords, Frigidaires, and Lewis machine guns. As to justice, and its implication of freedom, these are also nonsense; yet we must make believe there is something to them, else how should we rid ourselves of those who threaten our survival? Such, alas, is the brutal epistemology that underlies most modern thought—even, it seems to me, the selective idealisms of Bergson and William James!

Now in brooding (as a man will, when permitted to do very little of anything else) upon the evident lack of vitality in contemporary Christianity, and why, outside of pulpits, it is barely so much as mentioned as a possible way of the world's salvation, I seem to have put my finger on a curious inversion of this logic of As-If. For whereas those who disbelieve in God find it nevertheless convenient to invent Him, those who believe are at pains to pretend He is not so. Obviously I am not talking here about formal confessions of faith. What I mean is, for instance, that a high-minded pragmatist of the order of Dr. Dewey will urge us on to a fictitious, or at best axiomatic justice. The Christian, however, is prone to lock his real and living justice in some inaccessible corner of his soul, and proceed *as-if* this justice were utterly false. It recalls, in a way, the As-If Democracy, by which Americans or the early Republic could solemnly, even passionately, agree that all men are created free and equal and possessed of certain inviolable rights of person and property, yet just as solemnly and passionately assent to some such proposition as "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." It is not unusual to hear earnest Christians assert that if Mr. Mooney is not guilty of the specific murders charged to him, he would probably be guilty of something else, and anyhow has been convicted with due legal forms.

I do not believe (as many do) that the substance of this contradiction is unconscious hypocrisy. I think it is something subtler and more dangerous. The praising of good in the doing of bad is merely the immemorial way of Christendom, and even by being so praised virtue gains a following. For the pretense of virtue is in itself, as Montaigne I think has shown, an admission of its reality, just as the counterfeit concedes the real coin. But what we have to deal with now is a kind of moral Gresham's law, whereby the baser truth has driven the good into God knows what hiding places of the heart. Worse yet, we agree to call the meaner coin *as-if* it were the finer. So it is that we find mere legalism, and even systematized avarice, circulating (though at considerable discount) as justice, sodden passivity as fortitude, the jargon of economic science acclaimed as wisdom, and, saddest of all, attenuated starvation passing as love of one's neighbor. Is it not significant that Christians, who, like the Rev. Mr. Blackshear of Brooklyn, are still content to feed the hungry and clothe the naked with the text, "The poor ye have always with you," inevitably omit its complement? Indeed these words seem now to blaze forth in the chaos of the world with new and terrible meaning.

If there be no such thing as justice, then there can be no injustice in employing the illusion of justice to promote an end—even if the end itself be illusory. All possible bridges between being and becoming are blown up. But if there be a real arch-justice by which the justice of the material world may be renewed and refreshed, then those who know this have been the more unjust for their wisdom, and truly the more unwise in their justice. And it is vain in them to call upon the world to circumcise its heart whilst their own

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hearts remain totally hardened to the inner truth.

Besides, the hunger of the world is not for justice alone. It is also, and perhaps more intensely, for the very thing that the Christians call love; the fraternity whereby, if by anything, we may hope to attain to liberty and equality. The point, however, is that the heart which is not fed upon love, is more likely than not to feed itself upon hatred, for even the communion of hate must seem better than the isolation of despair. It is thus, that as a "proletarian", or as a "patriot", or as a "Nordic", or whatever else, a man will seek the dignity which no longer belongs to manhood in its own right. The alternative to the religion of justice and love is the idolatry of power, and of will-to-power. It makes only a practical difference whether the power be money, or class, or by inspiration from the divine dictator. This apotheosis of the hard-boiled and heartless is the dominant religion of our day. There is even a disposition to syncretize with it the remains of Christianity, as witness the school of M. Maurras and the followers of Adolph Hitler. When the mere man of good will (if any survives) perceives such worthies on the side of the angels, he might well despair of the angels themselves!

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY

By MARY R. WALSH

IT IS a pleasant sight to see children in a library choosing their own books. They are like the young patients in that very advanced hospital where food of many kinds is put on a table in the center of a room and the children take what they want, and as much as they want, without let or hindrance from hovering adults. Hearty eating is the result, and, in theory at least, any excessive indulgence in one kind of food brings a corrective reaction in favor of another kind. Of course, in both places, children are not as free as they seem. Both books and food have been carefully selected for them beforehand, so that there is nothing harmful for them to choose. In the library they sample this and that, or immediately on sight of a title that promises the kind of story to meet their mood, clasp book to bosom, and march confidently up to the charging desk. It is my self-indulgent practice, in defiance of rules of proper conduct, to snoop around in back of youngsters, and peer at the books they seem to be trying to crawl into, and even, if it seems not too prying, to ask the reason for their choice. I have had some curious answers.

Next to watching children pick out books, I get my greatest pleasure in the library in seeing nuns at the shelves. The severe efficient teacher, the gentle poetic type, or just sober happy students, they use the generous facilities to good purpose. The Sister and the children's librarian, both book-lovers, both devoted women who set the moral and mental welfare of their young charges far above selfish motives, usually understand each other very well.

So when combining business and pleasure, I strolled into the children's room of a large public library the other day, and a haunting question recurred to me in connection with book lists for Catholic schools. I put it to the children's librarian.

"What about Catholic literature for children?" I began.

She looked at me reproachfully. "Literature is neither Catholic nor Protestant," she reminded me.

"Literature is transcript of life, isn't it? You mean that it can be life as viewed by Catholic eyes, or Quaker eyes, or Jewish eyes, or Hindu eyes, without affecting its value as literature one way or the other. But as a matter of fact you select groups of books, supposedly literature, of special interest to the borrowers in the library branches of localities where one element of the population predominates—German, or Italian, or Jewish, or Catholic—don't you? I have been wondering what fare you find to supply to parochial schools when you have requests from them. Is it good according to your standards?"

"We have a good many Catholic books, but most of them are of poor quality. Look at these!"

I looked—cheap paper, poor printing and trashy sounding titles.

"We give them these, instead of something better, because they want Catholic authors," she sighed.

"There have been some fine little new lives of the saints lately," I reminded her. "And I suppose there are numbers of good stories of historical background by Catholics. Most of these are school stories or adventure stories for boys—time wasters for the most part." As I ran through a few of these, I wondered why we should try to make the time-honored plots vehicles of Catholic doctrine.

The assistant in charge of school libraries had joined us. She had some lists. We looked for books of historical background by Catholic authors and found a few old favorites which have had their day and some of the Benson novels for high

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school age. We looked for school stories and found among others our beloved old friends "Tom Playfair" and "Percy Wynn," who still have life in them, though they begin to seem a bit old-fashioned. We looked for pictures of present-day family life with real characters and some recognition of Catholic customs and beliefs, the Louisa Alcott type of story, and found little. There was Kathleen Norris's "Little Ships," which is not suitable below senior high school, and is better adapted to the amusement of adults, than to the stirring of high thoughts in the young. Perhaps we didn't search long enough. Poetry, there might be something there! But no, poetry seemed to be thoroughly non-sectarian.

Then I went back to ponder again the sorry collection that was going to a Catholic school. Here were stones for children who were asking for bread. Would not a good non-Catholic transcript of life, honest and well-presented, be better in almost any case both for moral and mental development than a Catholic picture with unreal characters, not true to life? The fact that children will read anything once should not mislead us, when the important thing is to give them at least a few books to which they will come back again and again and which will not only entertain them but will ennoble their lives.

The school librarian was again deep in her tasks, and the children's librarian was answering other queries with her usual cool kindness. So I sat down beside a woolly-headed little Negro boy, inserted my knees under one of the low tables, and wondered why these things should be—why Catholics should be in this state of dire poverty where they might be expected to be rich. While the rest of the world has outgrown the Sunday-school type of story, the story that preaches, we keep on publishing it. Even if we succeed in emphasizing important truths in this way, we shall not find it a help in making booklovers of the children. If we realized the importance of reading outside of school requirements, we wouldn't produce these books. Through reading a child can be roused to emulate greatness, and saintliness, and can be shown the richness of his Catholic inheritance. But there seems to be no plan to produce the books to meet these ends. We need editors and critics and a definite plan to produce and distribute the right books to the Catholic market.

The Catholic market—unhappy phrase in the book publishing business, with so few retailers to reach it, so few advertising mediums that draw, so few lists that it pays to circularize! And still it is a vast potential market, especially for children's books. The children are there, and the need is there, and the purchasing power is there. The next step is not the books but the publisher and the plan. Books, after all, are usually written with a definite market in mind. The publisher, and the market he is able to reach, have more to do with the genesis of a book than is always recognized.

With the publisher and the plan for manufacture and for promotion and distribution, I can imagine an editor saying with profit to some of these very authors who are now writing feeble imitations of books read in their own school days: "See here, this is outrageous. You know it isn't human nature to make a boy who is fighting for his life say to himself that he is glad he joined the sodality. Action stories are a conventional, not very worth-while form of entertainment, whose chief reason for being is a commercial one, and religion definitely expressed is almost as much out of place in them as it would be in a vaudeville skit. Give us some real characters!" Or in the case of school stories for girls, or books of more devotional character: "Give us less sentiment, less reminiscent writing, less talking down, less impossible conversation with model children." Or generally speaking: "Give us good-time books which are not trashy. Give us transcripts of life past or present in which the child can glimpse the majesty of the Church, and the harmony of Catholic teaching with everything in the universe that is true and beautiful."

First we should have stories, then more stories, and still more for the simple reason that children will read them of their own choice. It is a special delight to young readers to find in books and in their favorite book characters an expression of religious ideals. This pleasure I remembered was once expressed to me by a small boy, about the size of this little Negro beside me, who, by the way, was making swift work of several magazines, briskly turning the pages and reading only the captions under the pictures. The small boy had gone to some pains to make his point.

"I told you I liked that book, 'The Boy Knight of Rheims,' " he said. "But you didn't ask me why. I didn't like it just because it was a good story, or because it told about so many things I like to read about. I liked it because it was so Catholic."

The fact that this book was not written by a Catholic has little bearing. My small friend whose wide reading for his ten years had been in a Protestant literary world had found comfort in its Catholic atmosphere.

How busy we all are about many things in connection with Catholic education, when one of the simplest and best ways to strengthen faith and to develop the leadership we shall need is easily available if we once recognize its importance. Our lack of recreational books is a disgrace and a challenge. It is unholy poverty.

"Did you find what you wanted?" asked the children's librarian as I passed out.

"Thank you," I said. "I didn't, but I will."

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE INCAS

By SISTER MONICA

THE AUTHOR'S many years of travel, acquaintance and study in Peru, his former successful book on the subject, his familiarity with libraries in a dozen different capitals, all contribute to make the interest of this book * a foregone conclusion. It is full of information. He feels behind him the mounting wave of interest in the ancient civilizations and gives us much of the best archaeological findings. He has left no book on the subject undigested, unassimilated. His bibliography is a valuable feature of his work. One is, however, slightly surprised that no place in it is allotted to Julio C. Tello's "Ancient Peru" and the interesting Paracas, or to Mrs. Jean Levillier's "Paracas," on the recent discovery which antedates again the Incas, by a still more ancient civilization.

The theme of the book is not new to the English reader: the discovery, the conquest, the gold seekers; a proud intelligent people brought to bay; the clash of race that ensues and persists, of Inca, Spanish, Indian, creole, mestizo, Negro; then twenty years of chaos such as often follows when the strong man has had his day; and finally the Spanish colonial empire settling itself like some gigantic unwieldy ship mastering a wave whose under-current will eventually capsize her. The Viceroy Francisco de Toledo, sent by Philip II to "settle" the land, makes a five-year tour of investigation and draws up ordinances which for two hundred years, more or less, form the tissue of colonial life in Peru. Succeeding viceroys that govern from 1581 to 1780, Mr. Means leaves in the background with rather unsatisfactory perspective, in order to devote himself to a consideration of colonial institutions. The first half of the book is narrative, the second half exposition. His final chapter is a critical analysis of the failure of colonial Spain.

The style is nondescript. From straightforward history the author lapses into the colloquial: "The ladies—God bless them!" quotes Mr. Means, irrelevantly. But Mr. Means knows his Incas, his Peruvian soil, his Vilcabamba, his pueblos. His views are those of long thought.

He claims to give Toledo "the fullest treatment yet accorded him in any English work," yet he devotes not more than thirty pages to him, nor is his presentation of the Viceroy's alleged greatness convincing. The fact is, the author's predilection is first last and forever for the Incas, somewhat overshadowing his dominant figure; he dislikes Toledo, finds him "dour." In the Archivos de Indias there is a vast assemblage of Peruvian papers and the trail of Toledo is over them all. For the central study of his book it is a pity Mr. Means did not go to the fundamental documents, instead of to Garcilaso who wrote when the Viceroy's enemies were ready to swallow the slanders which lent sparkle to Garcilaso's tale—himself mestizo. The Viceroy had been a "dour" regicide, and Philip II had known how to put him in his place! So said Garcilaso. He accused Toledo of falsifying the facts about the Incas in order to get rid of them, engaging for the purpose a mestizo interpreter of inglorious fame, one Jiménez. But where are the documents? One by one the plagiarists adopt Garcilaso's pet story—Mendiburu, Markham, Means—the alleged cold frown of Philip II as he slams the door of the Escorial on the returning Viceroy is too telling an historical climax to miss. But the anecdote is never documented. Mr. Means quotes Garcilaso.

The truth is, the documents show Philip's unwavering confidence in his Viceroy. Toledo died of no broken heart. He asked seven times to be removed from office on account of his ill health. The King could not get him replaced and did not want to. And even after his death, documnts show the considerateness of Philip II for the man who had played so distinguished a part in the huge unwieldy left wing of Spain's vast empire.

Mr. Means devotes surprising space and many expletives to Toledo's metizo interpreter, Jiménez. Jiménez undoubtedly deserved the evil end that came upon him. But he was not by any means the only interpreter used in the case of the Incas, nor can it be at all proved that the legal process pursued under Toledo's jurisdiction was a mass of lies. The only authority Mr. Means quotes—Armendariz—was in his day conspicuously a purveyor of colonial gossip, and this very statement against the interpreter he himself says is hearsay. The people who stood around the Inca's scaffold in Lima pitied him; many of his relatives were married among the Spaniards, and the affair was naturally discussed with heat. Moreover, Anglo-propaganda broadcasted the "regicide" with amplifiers; and this they continued to do down to Sir Clements Markham.

Mr. Means's statements are a step forward in the non-Catholic presentation of the history of South America. He makes fewer false statements than is usual and fewer generalizations of damnatory character. He has tried by much patient study to understand the Catholic nation he wishes to portray. In one brief paragraph the author reviews the bad conditions in which Toledo found the Church in Peru in 1569: "The state of the Church could not well be worse"; he gives this summary after the usual list of malefactions laid to its charge. The astonishing thing is that there were any ecclesiastics left there at all by the time the Viceroy arrived, after the twenty years stretch of wrangling wars and mutinies described in Mr. Means's pages, added to the enormous "time-space complex," as the author terms it, and the terrible climate. Mr. Means forgets to show us the Church thirteen years later when Toledo returned to Spain.

Once more the historian has failed to study the documents. He needs profound study in the archives of Seville and Madrid, of documents such as those relating to the Junta of 1568, in which was laid down by the master minds of Spain in council with Philip II the explicit plan which Toledo was to pursue in Peru and Enriquez as Viceroy in Mexico. To understand Toledo one must understand the contemporary currents in Spain where the King has assembled all his greatest councilors to lay out this very program; and the currents in Rome, where the Papacy, at that moment, was on the eve of establishing a

**The Fall of the Inca Empire and The Spanish Rule in Peru: 1530-1780, by Philip Ainsworth Means. New York: Charles Scribner Sons. $4.50.*

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Nuncio in South America with a commission of cardinals in Rome, to adjust the loose machinery of the Church in the wilds of Peru, where, as Montesclaros said, it seemed as if "everybody was doing as he pleased." Francisco de Toledo was the picked man of the hour. The attention of all these groups was centered upon him, and to see how entirely he was fulfilling his program one has but to follow the contemporary consults of the King's Council of the Indies. Yet nothing of all this machinery of state is so much as hinted at in Mr. Means's book.

Furthermore, in treating of the Indian Reductions, why has the author nothing to say of that stupendous missionary activity which vitalized the eleven years of Toledo's term of office, and not without lasting fruit; part of the program of the same famous Junta in Madrid and its affiliations in Rome with the nascent Congregation de Fide?

The Inquisition was established in Peru several years before Toledo's appointment. Of the hundreds of cases it reviewed, a few were lurid and most were not. Yet Mr. Means gives a description of an auto whose ugliness would impress any mind. If this tribunal was so useful in checking crime that many men of practical judgment actually wrote the King urging him to establish it in the colonies, it stands to reason that all its record is not as the average writer paints it. Such writers are apt to forget that while the head of the mutinous Inca hung over the scaffold in the Plaza of Lima, in London, over Tower Gate dripped the bloody heads of Christian men sent by a Christian queen to the block. It was an age that would cut off your right hand for any least offense.

Of the Jesuit Order the author has but poor opinion and for the same reason—he is not sympathetically informed upon the Jesuits; and yet, strange to say, out of the mire, the lily! He records two "bright spots in the general intellectual gloom of the period—two men such as would have adorned any country!" These were no other than two Jesuits, Acosta and Cobo! And "Peru produced three saints," says Mr. Means with an exclamation point. He apologizes for his limitations,—"Non-Catholics and heathen like myself," he says.

It is such mistakes that should make a writer walk warily. There is plenty of information for the asking.

Reply

Yes you, who dared not face your intuition,
Who stilled as soon as born the puny cry
That rose remembering immortality—
Yes you, who fled as cowards from your vision
Down the broad ways of easy cheap decision,
Hoping that gold and meat and drink could buy
A tower to hide your secret self-suspicion
And shut from sight your unattempted sky—
Yes, you would find it easy to deride
Our feet that fail where yours have never tried,
The few strange shells we spent our life to reach:
These, and torn raiment where the brine has clung,
And stammered fragments of the marvelous tongue
Which the great waves sent thundering up the beach.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

TICKETS FOR UTOPIA

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: The editorial entitled "Tickets for Utopia" which appeared in the June 30th issue of THE COMMONWEAL contains a sentence the ambiguity of which is pregnant with two errors. The sentence reads: "It really doesn't matter very much just now whether boys leave college convinced that scholastic philosophy is the be-all and end-all of human knowledge." First, it matters very much just now how scholastic philosophy is regarded; I shall try to suggest its possibilities for modern social science. Secondly, it matters even more that students should *not* regard scholastic philosophy as the "be-all and end-all of human knowledge" in the sense of it possessing no relevance for the problems of modern scholarship.

It seems that Catholic teachers and students have themselves failed to realize the treasure they have in the Aristotelian-Thomist philosophy for constructing a genuine social science. They have contented themselves with a simple reiteration of Christian ethics—not convincing non-believers who are equally interested in social study and whose lives are splendidly unselfish. They have assumed metaphysical truths, but have not *shown* them to a generation incapable, for psychological reasons largely, of showing itself these truths. The result is that by and large the Christian student of social problems is regarded as almost on a par with his non-Christian colleagues except that he is thought to be a pious sentimentalist and a bit musty. The truth is that generally both the Christian and non-Christian are a bit musty, but the latter has creditably worked for his mustiness.

The problem is primarily intellectual: sloppy and bad thinking, thinking full of holes and patched with specious terminology—that is the difficulty with the most advanced social scientists today. If I may be permitted to say so, our miseducation has gone so far that an attempt at reconstruction would have to begin with the primary axioms of demonstration, like A is A. If our erudite masters were really honest, they could not develop even an empirical science. What Aristotle wrote in reference to the sophists, we may well write today in reference to many educators: "And the attempts of some of those who discuss the terms on which truth should be accepted, are due to a want of training . . . for they should know these things already when they come to a special study and not be inquiring into them while they are (giving) lectures on it."

Upon what basis do our social scientists proceed? An absolute inversion of the correct procedure is followed: the social scientist proceeds to investigate facts without first defining what it is he is to investigate, that is, without first defining his observables. His material is consequently unintelligible. Nor do his facts have any field of reference, for possessing no system of concepts arranged according to their functional relations, he is without a theory to be tested and corrected in the light of empirical data. I do not say that no knowledge is being achieved; what I

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mean to point out is that most of the social sciences (with the exception probably of economics) are not sciences at all: they throw rational science out completely, and as empirical sciences they are bad.

I might have been briefer; if I had, I should have said simply: If modern scholarship scorns the truths of faith, let us show it on its own grounds how utterly it has fallen from the truths of reason.

CHARLES N. R. MCCOY.

CATHOLIC READING

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor: I have noticed at times in your magazine letters of inquiry regarding volumes that would please the intellectual Catholic, especially from converts, and make bold to submit a list of a dozen books which will help any earnest seeker to find the inner appeal of the Catholic faith. I suggest they be read in this order:

"The Spirit of Catholicism," by Professor Karl Adam.
"The Inward Vision," by R. H. J. Stewart, S.J.
"God: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." by six Oxford graduates; edited by Father Cuthbert.
"The Question of Questions," by D. J. Kavanaugh, S.J.
"Essays in Order," by Maritain-Wust-Dawson.
"Key to the Study of Saint Thomas," by Rt. Rev. Francesco Olgiai, D.D.
"Earth to Heaven," by Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan.
"The Principles of Christianity," by Rev. A. B. Sharpe.
"The Mass," by Abbé A. Sicard.
"The Catholic Religion," by Rev. Charles A. Martin.
"Life of All Living," by Rev. Fulton J. Sheen.
"Faith of Our Fathers," by James Cardinal Gibbons.

If one does not desire to read all these, let me suggest two: "God," edited by Father Cuthbert and the book by Professor Karl Adam.

A. MCDONALD.

LITURGY AND RECOVERY

Austin, Tex.

TO the Editor: I much enjoyed Father William Ducey's two articles as they appeared in recent COMMONWEALS. No doubt the first of these suffered some misinterpretation since we as a people do not yet realize the place of the liturgical movement as a distinct current in our modern spiritual maelstrom.

The liturgical movement, to put it baldly, is in a sense an apotheosis of the virtue of religion. Readers and writers of THE COMMONWEAL have long felt and cried from the housetops that to exactly the opposite, i.e., to the spirit of irreligion, is traceable our present drear de-ordination in things economic and social. Through suffering and the breakdown of old slogans world thought is now extremely fluid. Hence this present time is one of re-ordination. And the most ultimate thought of all to which the world on its road to recovery can recur is that of the Creatorship of God and the creatureship of man. The first corollary of this axiom is that adoration, worship, sacrifice, prayer are due the Creator from His creature man. The liturgical movement emphasizes precisely the importance of these primary acts of religion. It seeks to reinform the Catholic consciousness in this connection by constant reference to the tremendous importance of the Mass *qua* sacrifice as the perfect act of supernatural religion.

But it does not stop there. It points to the Mass *qua* communion and indeed to the whole extenuation of the Mass (the sacramental system, the divine office) as the sole means whereby first the one man, then the whole society of men may really be hallowed, transfigured, endowed with the Christ-Life of grace.

By the Mass is constituted the realm of the Holy Spirit within which the witchery of greed cannot be wrought. By the Mass all flesh is moulded into that great reality the Mystical Body of Christ wherein individualism in all its varying forms is without a meaning. Indeed, could greed, egotism, excessive nationalism, breeders of war and destroyers of the unity of the West, have any place in a society deeply conscious of the doctrine of the Mystical Body?

Considered in this light the liturgical movement, insofar as it is a restatement of the inner meaning of the Church with distinctly economic and social adumbrations, assumes cosmic and heroic proportions. It may take years for the ideas (not to mention the practice) of the liturgical revival to leaven the thought of the West. Yet the movement must succeed. For it is the antithesis of worldliness and materialism, the wormwood of whose excesses we now eat; and it is the work of the Holy Spirit.

Meanwhile the literature of the liturgical school recommends itself to the perusal of those who seek a positive and ultimate Catholic answer to the evils that spring directly or indirectly from the hearts of men.

JOHN J. BUCHANAN.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

Lancaster, Pa.

TO the Editor: In relation to your recent editorial having to do with Protestant Proselytism in Italy and Religious Freedom, when the Kingdom of Italy was formed one of the provisions of its constitution made Catholicism the state religion. In Protestant as well as Catholic countries state religions occupy a special position. It is my strong impression that in England taxes are indiscriminately levied for the support of the Church of England; and that in some Scandinavian countries where Lutheranism is the state religion Jesuits are excluded. I also have an idea that in these latter countries one's right to become a Catholic is hedged with certain legal provisions.

I do not mention these facts to criticize our Protestant Brethren or to decry the principle of the union of church and state in general—far from it. I merely point out that the existence of union, though it does not imply oppression of other religions does at least imply favored treatment of the state religion, rather than complete equality, and Protestant nations act on the former basis.

P. MCGRANN.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

A Second Tauber Film

IT WAS my pleasure, a short time ago, to praise very highly a German film of operatic life in which Richard Tauber, the famous German tenor, took the leading rôle. I mentioned particularly the great and effective simplicity of the story, the massing of the picturesque and honest detail and the general artistry of understatement. The second Tauber film, now showing in New York under the title of "The Big Attraction," has a needlessly complex story, a vastly excessive use of detail and a pace so slow as to be boring for long stretches.

This time, Tauber is pictured as one Riccardo, the singing band-leader of a vaudeville troupe. Such a rôle naturally limits the musical side of the picture to the singing of popular sentimental ballads. Tauber sings them well, and in fine masculine contrast with the crooning singer who has become the abomination of the American radio and musical stage. But Tauber has far too great a range to be limited to this one type of song. He emerges, even in the film, as an artist of such superlative ability that the thought of his being merely a vaudeville band leader is a little ridiculous and fails of conviction.

In a certain sense, the film does give a vivid impression of the international "troupers" of European variety shows. There are innumerable back stage scenes, overflowing with confusion and sordid contrast to the glamor that is supposed to reach the auditorium. A few such scenes would serve to give all the needed atmosphere. But their constant repetition merely dulls the intended effect and obstructs the course of the story. On many occasions, the story is obviously held up to give Tauber the chance to sing his songs. This would be a welcome interruption if the songs really displayed his art, but their very mediocrity only enhances the monotony.

The love story, such as it is, between Riccardo and the leader of a troupe of American girls, fails to achieve any romantic proportions. Riccardo has been married before, his wife having eloped with a member of his troupe. This obstacle is rather crudely removed by having Riccardo pay the couple to keep themselves in some far off land. There is also a comic strip fat American who follows Kitty, the American girl, all over Europe, and a tango team, members of Riccardo's troupe, with the wife secretly enamored of Riccardo. These complexities merely add confusion.

When European films are well done, they are often rich in qualities far beyond the ken of Hollywood. But ever so often, the European directors fall into the habit which this present film so well illustrates of indulging in a slow-motion orgy of meaningless detail. I have noticed that this is particularly apt to happen when the subject matter is melodramatic or when it is intended to be racy spectacle. The straight "showman" instinct is much further developed in America than anywhere else. Europe excels in character delineation and in the use of detail peculiar to its own soil or traditions or romance.

The Song of Songs

SUDERMANN'S "The Song of Songs" comes to the screen by a circuitous route involving Ned Sheldon's play and a screen adaptation in the full Hollywood tradition. The story of Lily Czepanek, the little German country girl who loved unwisely in a living dream of the song of Solomon, is hardly novel material for the screen, even when the original tragedy is changed to a happy ending. Hollywood loves the game of transforming tragedies into a final lovers' embrace. The chief virtues or novelties of the present screen play are its interesting direction by Rouben Mamoulian, the lovely vision which Marlene Dietrich creates of its heroine, particularly in the earlier parts, and the capable acting of an excellent cast which includes Brian Ahearn and Lionel Atwill.

Mamoulian is a director who achieves his best effects through motion and definite rhythm. In his every scene there is a subtle and shifting design. He never allows a scene to degenerate into lengthy inaction or into a mere episode or view in a rectangular frame. Through a sort of internal wave-like motion, he manages to keep a sense of flowing water under the bridge of time. Thanks to this quality of his work, much that would otherwise be incredibly boring and trite takes on a certain charm and freshness, very much as the too familiar dance of the dying swan when danced by Pavlowa defied all the inroads of travesty and became a thing in itself, a sheer instant of beauty.

Nowhere does Mr. Mamoulian's unusual skill emerge more clearly than in his visual treatment of Marlene Dietrich. She is, of course, a lovely creature to look upon (except for too obviously pencilled eyebrows) but Mr. Mamoulian has not rested content with beauty in repose. Whether she is moving around among the old books in Frau Rasmussen's store, or dancing on a sunlit hillside, or throwing herself ecstatically upon the earth, or moving in slowly growing terror beside her aged husband, the baron, she is always, under Mamoulian's guiding hand, an image of beauty in swift transition, one mood melting into the next like the modulations from one musical key to another. Nor can Miss Dietrich's own achievement in learning to speak English softly and expressively, and almost without accent, be left out of account in a final appraisal of her work. Her voice blends easily with the visual design Mamoulian has created for her.

But beyond the charm of Miss Dietrich's acting under this skilled direction, and the sincere supporting work of Brian Ahearn and others, there is very little to recommend "The Song of Songs" either as drama or as entertainment. The motivations of the characters are badly mixed, character yielding place conveniently at all times to the mechanical needs of plot. There is all the less excuse for this since the essential tragedy of the original story has been abandoned. That fact alone would seem to leave the adapters a free field for a more interesting and modern study of character and a more plausible sequence in the plot. One also has grounds for objecting to many of the over elaborate settings of the baron's castle and estate.

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BOOKS

A Voice of Power

Enquiries into Religion and Culture, by Christopher Dawson. New York: Sheed and Ward. $3.00.

IT IS scarcely possible to overestimate the importance of Christopher Dawson's work. In an age when many historians cannot or will not look beyond their special fields, he has dared to deal with the larger aspects of history; when metaphysics and theology are misrepresented or ignored, he has brilliantly applied them to the study of human progress; when sociologists are preaching salvation by surveys and questionnaires, he has shown how "The great religions are the foundations on which the great civilizations rest," how "the society or culture which has lost its spiritual roots is a dying culture, however prosperous it may appear externally."

Dawson's great books, received with acclaim in England, are only beginning to be read in this country. His "Age of the Gods" is "a study of the origins of culture in prehistoric Europe and the ancient East," offered with the conviction that "the peoples of Europe will never be able to coöperate in peace, so long as they have no knowledge of their common cultural tradition and no revelation of the unity of European civilization." The book summarizes and synthesizes the findings of specialists with the result that should interest the intelligent general reader, and is noteworthy for its balance and sanity. Its account of religious origins, for instance, is quite free from the one-sided dogmatism that mars so many similar studies. It represents, in short, an anthropology that never substitutes impossible academic imaginings for men.

"Progress and Religion," to which the earlier work makes an admirable introduction, is certainly among the most noteworthy books of recent years. It shows, with a wealth of historical learning, how Christianity, based on the conviction of a divine intervention into history, has, in spite of its other-worldliness, proved to be a unique inspiration for human progress, while the Oriental religions have been led by their contemplation of an unchanging cosmic order to regard human history as a meaningless succession of recurrent cycles within the illusory world of time and matter. When the idea of progress was first explicitly considered, its exponents, Dawson shows, lost, in so far as they abandoned Christianity, the rational basis for their belief in human perfectibility. Their later successors, notably Spengler, have realized this, and have returned to the ancient idea of recurrent cycles, with all its accompanying pessimism.

It is most interesting to compare "Progress and Religion" with Professor Carl L. Becker's recent study, "The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers." Its author has no difficulty in showing the connection between the deistic faith and Christian ideas. He agrees with Dawson, in short, as to the facts. But whereas the later, being a Catholic, concludes that the world must return to religion, Becker, to whom Christianity is only one of many mythologies, sees the abandonment of the idea of progress as the only sensible solution.

"The Making of Europe," less directly concerned with philosophic trends than its predecessor, is a masterful study of the "Dark Ages," which were in fact the formative centuries of mediaeval and hence modern Europe. Where other historians, influenced by nationalistic sympathies or blinded by secularist prejudies, have dealt with the period in a one-sided way, Dawson stresses the importance of four great factors: The Classical tradition, the Roman Empire, the Christian Church, and the Barbarians. The book should be required for all college courses in European History.

Dawson's latest work, "Enquiries into Religion and Culture," a Catholic Book Club selection, is a collection of essays and addresses that have already appeared or been delivered elsewhere. It deals with a great variety of topics, some of them highly specialized, as "Islamic Mysticism," and others of the most general sort, as "The Nature and Destiny of Man." Those who are acquainted with Dawson's other works will eagerly welcome the volume, while new readers may profitably begin with this many-sided expression of his genius.

Of particular value is the essay on "Christianity and Sex," since the historical relations between Catholicism and sexual standards have been widely misrepresented by rationalists, while Catholic writers, on the other hand, when not writing as formal theologians, have, in dealing with the subject of sex, shown far too much of a merely negative asceticism that ill accords with the Church's teaching on the sacrament of marriage. Such admirable recent utterances, therefore, as Hildebrandt's "In Defence of Purity" and Watkin's chapter on sex in "The Bow and the Clouds," are saying what very much needs to be said. Dawson's essay, though different in approach and treatment, is an equally fine expression of Catholic ideas.

As works of brilliant scholarship, philosophic acumen, and historical synthesis, the writings of Christopher Dawson demand the thoughtful attention of all educated men. Catholics, however, are in a position to appreciate them particularly, and to realize their importance as aids to the faith. To describe them as defenses would be inadequate, since Dawson's conception of Catholicism is not that of a mere tradition to be defended, but of a vital and aggressive force, unchanging in its essential creed, but infinitely adaptable in its power of inspiring new cultures, and hence eternally young. His aim is seldom directly apologetic, but the implications of his conclusions are all the more powerful. His zeal for the faith is all the more impressive because it does not blind him to the spiritual values found in other religions, or ever cause him to lose the objectivity of his historical outlook.

With a force, therefore, that must impress even the skeptic, Christopher Dawson shows what the Catholic faith has meant in history, and must come to mean again if our civilization is to be saved. No living writer is declaring more effectively, to all who are not hopelessly deaf, that "the only final escape for humanity from the heartbreaking circle of false starts and frustrated hopes is through the conquest of the world by charity—the coming of the Kingdom of God."

T. Lawrason Riggs.

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Short Fiction's Crop

The Best Short Stories 1933 and the Yearbook of the American Short Story, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

MR. O'BRIEN'S latest volume is as carefully edited, as statistical as ever. If you want to know how your favorite magazine is progressing in the publication of "distinctive" short stories, Mr. O'Brien is prepared to tell you; should you desire information regarding the quality of a favorite author's work during the past year, again Mr. O'Brien is ready with the answer. And he does this by a series of tables and analyses, which obviously involve enormous labor; does it, moreover, in a manner that is the essence of fairness and impartiality.

Mr. O'Brien's influence upon short story technique has been continuous for a generation. He has been placed in a position of extraordinary responsibility, has become, in fact, for thousands of writers, the Pontifex Maximus of the short story. The stories in the present yearbook, viewed from this standpoint, may almost be regarded as his own. To be sure he has not actually written them, but he has labored tirelessly that stories of this kind might be written. And when I say that the stories in the new yearbook, with few exceptions, are difficult to read and almost invariably dull to the limit of human endurance, I feel I have a right, as a purchaser of books, to ask this question: "Mr. O'Brien, what have you done to the American short story?"

For the American short story, which, a generation ago unquestionably held first place in the world's short fiction, is now sick unto death from a wasting disease which, for want of a better name, may be called the "Chekhov Complex." The Russian scene is not the American scene. In Russia, vast steppes and vast loneliness have combined to evolve the gentle melancholy of the Slav, while centuries of oppression have given him a weakness of will that is almost pathological. With this scene and these characters to hand, Chekhov produced his famous stories, which lead nowhere in particular.

The attempt to transfer the Chekhov idea to the American scene, which seems to be the end to which Mr. O'Brien is devoting his energies, will, if successful, destroy the American short story. The old primacy of the American short story was based on its virility, on its positive affirmations. Is it to end in what George Moore would call "a pale twilight of volition"? The answer lies largely in the future attitude of Edward J. O'Brien.

In the present yearbook, Wilbur Daniel Steele of the old regime, in "How Beautiful with Shoes," strikes a note of poignant beauty; Walter D. Edmunds in "Black Wolf" almost gives us that eerie feeling—but not quite; Charles Caldwell Dobie in the "Honey Pot" overworks the long arm of coincidence and thereby strains credulity; Morley Callaghan's study of the old priest in "A Sick Call" is an excellent bit of work; and F. Scott Fitzgerald in "Crazy Sunday" shows a mastery of detail that makes one regret that Fountain of Eternal Youth.

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Brahms's New Popularity

The Chamber Music of Brahms, by Daniel Gregory Mason, New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

TO THOSE many worried persons who have been seriously concerned over the plight of contemporary American culture, there are very few recent phenomena more encouraging than the surprising rise in the popularity of the music of Brahms. Twenty years ago the late Edwin Evans, sr., projected a huge "Historial, Descriptive and Analytical Account of the Entire Works of Johannes Brahms," which was to appear in three volumes. Only the first of these, the handbook to the vocal works, ever saw the light, and Evans found it necessary to introduce this with an elaborate apology. As he seems to have feared, his labor fell on rather stony soil.

The neglect that overtook Evans is, luckily, not likely to overtake Professor Mason, and Mason very properly makes no apology for his present book, now that even summer concerts bristle with Brahms symphonies, now that even pianists and popular songsters are exploiting the Brahms *intermezzi* and *Lieder*. Romain Rolland's remark, to the effect that he could endure Brahms's imitations of Beethoven, but not Beethoven's imitations of Brahms, no longer seems exquisitely witty. Brahms is now accepted and cherished, not only by ex-Wagnerians but even by many to whom a few years ago Ethelbert Nevin and Victor Herbert represented the summit of musical classicism. Grievously as we have suffered from the radio and the gramophone, common honesty requires us to admit that those contrivances have served to develop in our country a palate for music that would have afflicted our average citizens with raging boredom a decade ago. And thus the 100th anniversary of the birth of Brahms, celebrated this year, has brought forth in response to popular demand, not only the usual quota of festival performances, but a flow of records and books.

Among the last, the volume under review is perhaps the most valuable. It is certainly the most original in its approach. It courageously tackles the toughest problems involved in presenting musical ideas through the medium of mere language. It contains scarcely a word of biography. It confines itself to an analysis of the composer's twenty-four chamber-music works: the instrumental sonatas, trios, quartets, quintets and sextets. These forms are admittedly the most difficult to present to a reader, since they lack the easy appeal of "program" or "story" music. They are "pure" or "absolute" music, and are represented by the most beautiful work that issued from Brahms's pen. They demand precisely the sort of interpretation that Professor Mason has given them.

Mason is extraordinarily well qualified for his task. Few musicians have either a firmer or a more delicate grasp of modern structural, rhythmic and melodic devices, and few have so happy a gift of exposition. The present reviewer remembers with pleasure the manner in which Mason years ago first opened his ears to the architectural accomplishments of Beethoven. Here Mason is in his proper element. He combines the indispensable minimum of technical discussion with many an appropriate analogy

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from the outer world of nature and man. Composers will find here some remarkably illuminating points, and the laymen who is unwilling to miss the greater values in experiencing Brahms's most intimate work will discover that he must absorb somehow all that Mason has to offer.

Let it be added, however, that the book cannot be read straight through, except by specialists and reviewers. Its proper use is as a work of reference, to be consulted.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

An Architect's Yardstick

Modern Architectural Design, by Howard Robertson. London: The Architectural Press. 15s.

INTEREST in buildings we see about us has become so general that we review a new building as we review a new play. The play and the building both aim to please the public and have the choice between vulgar and serious ways of doing so. Both aim at lasting, and indeed the ultimate test of either is whether or not its quality is a lasting one. Yet in the case of the building the people who pay for it must know what are the chances of its standing up and keeping out the rain, and the critic who writes of it, consequently, must have some knowledge of structure and materials before he can venture any valid aesthetic appreciation.

Doubtless one reason for the feeling of partiality and competence this book produces is the unusual opportunity the author has had to know what he writes about. Trained in Paris he has worked in New York and now practises in London where he is also principal of the Architectural Association School. His firm is responsible for the interesting new Royal Horticultural Hall. Architects and engineers, it is true, have written books before Mr. Robertson, but generally about their own buildings and theories, either very technical books or impassioned pleas, and we have come to distrust architectural writers as a class, as we do art critics as a class, preferring generally to look at buildings, photographs and plans just as we prefer to look at paintings rather than read about them. But Mr. Robertson joins the impartiality of the student to the experience of the practising architect and, while in his book we have a hundred photographs and plans, the theory, comment and explanation that accompany them are of an unusually satisfactory nature.

What we want in such a book is not so much one man's survey of modern work with his appraisal of its worth, as it is to acquire a measuring rod which we can apply to any building we see. The standard we apply may well be based on the elements given us by Mr. Robertson: enough history to distinguish between what is permanent both in architectural aim and method and what is actually modern because based on new needs and new materials; an insight into the mind of the architect as he plans his building, carries it out, and conciliates engineering and art. The chapters on organization, materials and expression are extraordinarily informative and greatly increase the layman's capacity for enjoyment and comprehension of the scene about him.

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Briefer Mention

Little Man, What Now?, by Hans Fallada; translated by Eric Sutton. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

POSSIBLY Hans Fallada's book is better considered as "a social document" than as a novel, despite the omnibus modern interpretation of the latter form. "Little Man, What Now?" is a word cinema of the brief courtship and marriage of a white collar worker in Germany. The picture is faithful. There are good, if concise, shots of the workings of Communists, Nazis, nudists and other lesser German current movements. A more extended close-up is given of a Berlin department store with its cowed employees trapped by economic necessity into a merciless regimentation. Of course, the trials of the poverty-stricken provide the essential basis for the book and all that Pinneborg and his Bunny experience are treated with details that win the reader's sympathy. Courage and hope, virtues that are the mainstay of the poor, carry them through each descending step in their career. The suspicion, however, that Pinneborg under any but ideal circumstances would yet be a failure, lessens both the universality of the book and its application to the specific problems of his day.

A Judge Takes the Stand, by Joseph N. Ulman. Alfred A. Knopf: New York. $3.00.

THIS little book is to be recommended to all laymen who want a quick and informal glance at the law in action, as seen by a liberal-minded jurist. Judge Ulman is a member of the Supreme Bench in Baltimore, yet no believer in the sanctity of legal procedure. He here gives his ideas as to how the law has gradually been improved and how it may still be bettered. However, he is convinced that the jury-system is far from a failure and, by references to his own note-books, shows that in the vast majority of cases jury verdicts have agreed with his own private opinion as a judge. Judge Ulman has trust in the average man. But aside from general ideas on the justice and value of law the book gives a clear view of the various sorts of law procedure, of the relations between judge, jury, witnesses, defendants, and complaintants, of substitutes for court trials, of the meaning of objections, and of a dozen other things of which the average layman is too often ignorant. In "A Judge Takes the Stand" Judge Ulman makes the law understandable and human.

CONTRIBUTORS

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